

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



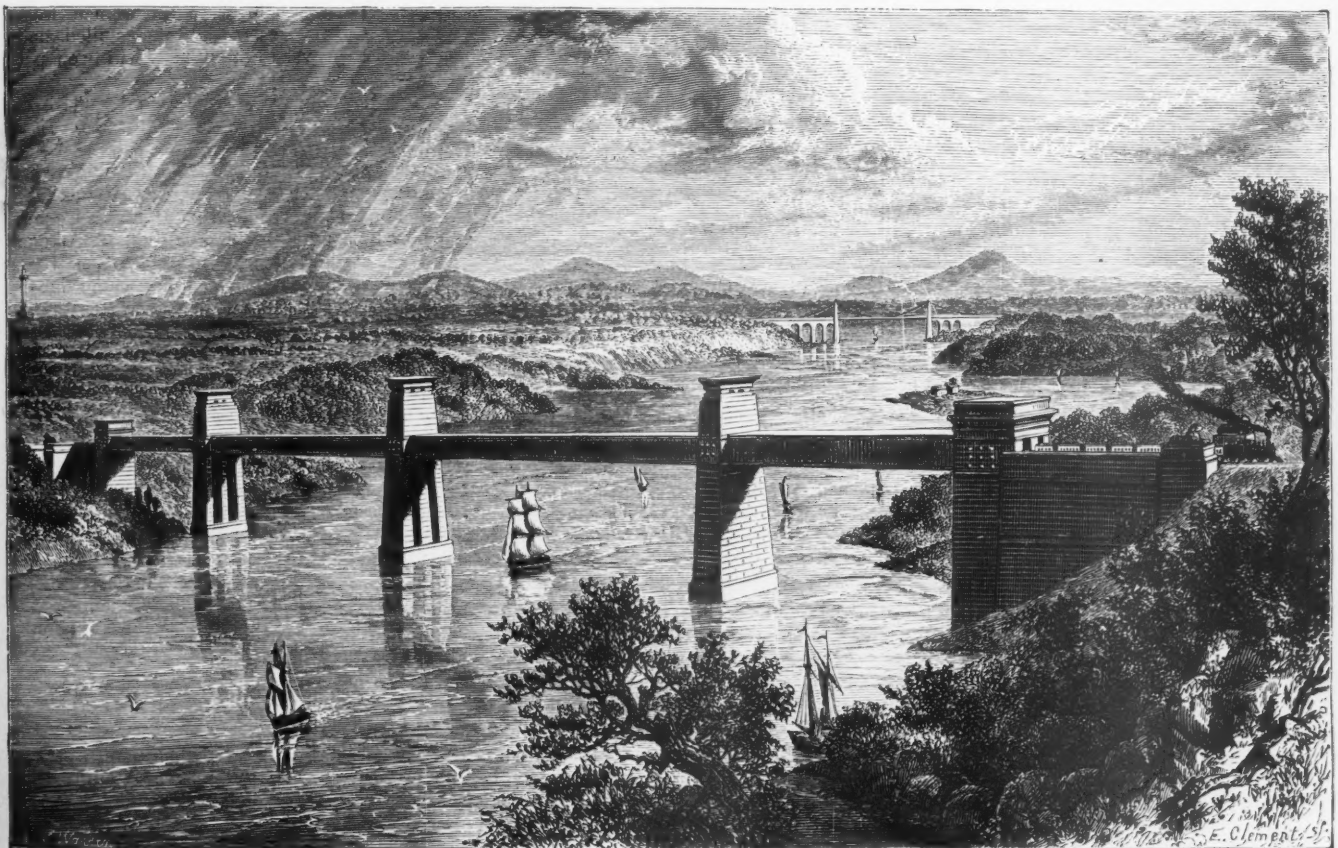
CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 22.

Boston, September, 1889.

No. 4.



THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE ACROSS MENAI STRAITS.

Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge, of which, by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we give this picture, and of which a full description can be found in the various encyclopædias, has been rightly regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It con-

sists of two independent wrought iron tubes, 1,511 feet long, built one hundred feet above the high tides which flow through the Menai Straits with a velocity of nine miles an hour.

During the construction of this bridge,

says Sir Robert Stephenson, the engineer who designed and built it,—“often at night I would lie tossing about seeking sleep in vain. *The tubes filled my head. I went to bed with them, and got up with them.*”

The bridge was first crossed by three

powerful locomotives with tenders,—then by twenty-four cars heavily loaded with coal. During the passage there was breathless silence, broken when the train reached the other side by great cheering and the discharge of cannon.

Many years ago, while in Wales, we crossed this bridge on a visit to Carnarvon Castle, where we found what we think could not be found elsewhere in Europe, a parrot that spoke three languages—French, English and Welsh.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

[AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT TENOR, MARIO.]

In Lyons, on the mart of that French town,

Years since, a woman leading a fair child,

Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down

The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance and smiled

To see, behind its eyes, a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose

This chance of pearl to do another good;

So, as he waited, sorry to refuse

The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,

And with his hat held, as by limb the nest,

He covered his kind face and sung his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce, where the singer stood, was filled.

And many paused, and, listening, paused again

To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled.

I think the guardian angel helped along

That cry for pity, woven in a song.

* * * * *

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon

Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears

Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas noon,

And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears.

The singer, pleased, passed on and softly thought,

"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,

Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,

And flowers rained on him; naught could assuage

The tumult of the welcome save the song

That he had sweetly sung, with covered face,

For the two beggars in the market-place.

—HENRY ABBEY.

WHY HE THOUGHT HE'D WAIT.

Dentist: Mr. Dopperheimer you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on.

Dopperheimer: Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I coomes to morrer.

Dentist: But why not let me pull it to-day?

Dopperheimer: Well, I don't yooost know how much monish der wash in my pocket-book,—*Life*.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A "Boston Gazette" writer tells that a lady was traveling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceeding intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he rose and crossed quickly to her. "I beg your pardon," he said. "You are in trouble. May I help you?" As soon as he spoke she felt perfect trust in him. She explained the situation to him. "What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and said a few words in his ear. With a smile, the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment the large man had turned over the seat, and leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage; received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door she said: "Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?" The big man smiled as he answered, "*Phillips Brooks*," and turned away.

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

By J. S. HOLDEN, in *The Clare, Michigan, Press*.

Nor is this belief in the future existence of dumb animals confined to savage and barbarous peoples, but has been taught and believed among the best and most enlightened of mankind in all nations and all ages. We find it in the writings of the immortal Homer and the later Greeks, the Romans and other enlightened people; we read of the faithful hound of the wandering king Ulysses, the famous charger of Alexander; the historic horse of Caligula, and various other dumb animals who have been the companions, friends and benefactors of man and some of whom in ages past have been almost deified by grateful and admiring multitudes.

Not a few of the early Christians believed in a future existence for dumb animals, as shown by the great historian, Gibbon. The belief was quite common in the early ages of the Church that God sent angels in the form of birds to aid and console those who suffered for the faith. It is related in holy writ that Elisha was fed by ravens sent from God, and Peter, the great Christian hermit who preceded Anthony in the desert, is said to have been sustained for years by the same means. Instances of this belief among the early Christians can be multiplied.

It is well known that St. Francis at a later date gathered beasts and birds about him and called them his brothers. The great Dr. Johnson believed in a future existence for dumb animals; also the poets Wordsworth, and Shelley, and Coleridge, as shown in his celebrated poem, the "Ancient Mariner." Numerous other scholars of Christian belief might be cited to the same belief.

A RICH GENTLEMAN.

An incident in a Fourth avenue car. All the seats were occupied, when an old, poorly dressed woman entered at Forty-second street. The first to offer his seat was a well built, clean cut gentleman, his face smooth shaven and firm, his eyes clear and alert, his whole bearing engaging and graceful. The poor old woman was one of the loquacious creatures who often talk away in an innocent manner to strangers, and so, after thanking the man who had given her a seat, she told him of her trip to New Jersey to see her married daughter. She wanted to go to the Christopher street ferry, she said, and didn't know how to do it. Her new acquaintance listened politely to all she said, and assured her that he would see that she was transferred to the blue car at Eighteenth street, which runs to the ferry.

The gentleman's bearing toward the simple old woman was gaining the admiration of every one in the car. He was so patient and good natured with her. At Eighteenth street he stopped the car. Just then the desired other car shot across. Rushing to the front platform, the obliging gentleman called loudly to the driver of the cross town car. Then he helped the old woman from one car to another, ran back, and smiled good humoredly over the trouble he had been put to.

The writer recognized the good Samaritan. He was *Cornelius Vanderbilt*.—*New York Sun*.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

The seats were all full and one was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman. At one of the stations a couple of well-bred and intelligent looking young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into another car when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "*But you will have no seat for yourself*," responded one of the ladies with a smile, and with truest politeness hesitating to accept it. "*Never ye moind that*," said the Hibernian, "*yer welcome to it. I'd ride upon the cow-ketcher any toime from here till New York for a smoile from such gintlemanly ladies*," and retreated into the next car amid the applause of those who witnessed the incident. Perhaps the foregoing hint to many ladies will show that a trifle of politeness has often a happy effect.—*General Manager*.

GOOD HINT TO MOTHERS.

A friend of mine who lives in the suburbs has a small boy, not more than five years old, I believe, who has an inveterate habit of running away. He is a sturdy, stout-legged little chap, of great courage and enterprise, but his father and mother have been put to a good deal of anxiety on his account. Sometimes he is found in the next town, sometimes by the railroad, and again in a certain pasture where he enjoys the congenial society of several young colts, but it is always a matter of doubt where he will be discovered. Recently, however, the family have acquired a mongrel little terrier, recommended for the purpose, who hunts up Sammy with unerring accuracy. Whenever Sammy is missing, his mother shows his jacket to the dog and tells him to find the boy, whereupon the animal sets off with his nose to the ground, the hired man, or somebody else, follows, and in due time the young vagabond is brought to bay. Here is a hint for anxious mothers.





Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, Copy of Band of Mercy Information.

3d, Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4th, Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5th, Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS?

Will they meet us, cheer and greet us,
Those we've loved who've gone before?

Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,

When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken for some token

That they live, and love us yet!

And we ask, Can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us,

Though in heaven, can they forget?

And we often, as days soften,

And comes out the evening star,

Looking westward, sit and wonder

Whether, when so far asunder,

They still think how dear they are.

Past yon portals, our immortals—

Those who walk with Him in white—

Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us?

Know they what events befall us?

Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us,

Those we've loved, who've gone before;

We shall find them at the portals,

Find our beautiful immortals,

When we reach that radiant shore.

—REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., in *Watchman*.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The man who thinks that a horse is not thoroughly intelligent had better look to his own education. The other day a big, fine-looking horse attached to a grocer's wagon fell down in the middle of a slippery pavement. The driver did not jump down and belabor the animal with a club, as most drivers would have done. He did alight from his wagon and loosen the harness upon his horse. Then he took his lap robe and spread it upon the slippery pavement near the fallen horse's feet. The intelligent animal did not mistake the mute suggestion. He eyed the robe for a moment, and then he edged around until his feet were upon it. With an effort he struggled to an upright position, and then lifted his feet while the driver picked up the robe. He seemed to know intuitively that he could not slip on the robe. Then the driver readjusted the harness, mounted his seat on the box and drove on. If that horse was not intelligent, what was he?—*Salem Evening News*.

EXCELSIOR.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.

"We have no time to waste
In critic's sneer, or cynic's bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark,
Then choose thine aim
And may God speed the mark."

AN IRISH MOCKING BIRD.

A valuable mocking bird was stolen from a Savannah gentleman a while ago. After many unsuccessful efforts to recover it its owner casually heard that a Northern visitor, who had been in the city all winter was returning North with a remarkable bird, and hurrying off to the sailing vessel he found that the bird in the passenger's possession was his own lost treasure. The new owner, however, would not admit his claim, and it was finally arranged he should make a complaint before a magistrate and prove that the bird was his. When before the magistrate he said that he would whistle an air, and it was agreed that if the bird took it up and followed him that should be convincing evidence. He then began to whistle "St. Patrick's Day;" the bird listened a moment, took up the air and finished it. That settled the question, and the bird was given up. It is said that the Northerner offered \$1000 for it, but this was refused.

KIND NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

If we were to publish the kind notices of "Our Dumb Animals" received during the past month we should fill a large part of this paper. We give ten specimen extracts cut on July 31st from papers received within the previous twenty-four hours:

"That gem of monthly papers 'Our Dumb Animals' for July is received. There is no paper printed we can recommend more highly for boys and girls."—*Charter Oak Times*.

"This valuable paper is welcomed in thousands of homes."—*Shreveport, (La.) Daily Times*.

"Has made its influence felt all over the land."—*Quaker City Independent*.

"A most interesting periodical. We heartily wish that every one of our readers could read it."—*Alford, Texas, Budget*.

"We wish all who torment or annoy any dumb beast could read these sensible, merciful articles."—*Jamesville, (Wis.) Signal*.

"A delightful little monthly, we wish a copy came regularly to every family in the land."—*Canadian Baptist, Toronto*.

"July is a very interesting number, and contains matters of interest to everybody."—*Albert Lea, Minnesota Enterprise*.

"Replete with most interesting and entertaining information. Every farmer in Kansas should take this excellent periodical."—*Chetopa, Kansas, Advance*.

"The literature is of a high order and the pages tastefully illustrated."—*Kiowa, Kansas, Herald*.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS. This monthly was the first exchange that came to our hands the other morning, and we read it through and through, and we could but confess it was the most satisfying half hour's reading we had had in a week. We felt better after reading it, and now as we come to think of it we think we were better for having read it. It contained lessons of reproof, mild and gentle, some mingled with thoughts and words of dear departed friends. We were softer and purer hearted when we finished it than we were when we began it. Readers, if you have not read it of late and been influenced by it, we advise you to write for a copy to the Boston office, directing to 'Our Dumb Animals.'—*Burlington, (Vt.) Independent*.

Bride—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud; you carry this valise."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *six thousand eight hundred and fifty-two* branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy."

BAND OF MERCY.

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly *fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices.*

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.

We are indebted to Houghton, Mifflin & Co for *Britannia Tubular Bridge, Travelling Across the Plains, and Mending the Nets*, used in this paper.

AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting for this year of the above association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and the prevention of cruelty to animals, will be held in the First Christian Church at Louisville, Kentucky, on Sept. 25, 26, and 27. Each society, whether state, city, county or town, is entitled to nine delegates.

The Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry of New York, its President, is a man of large executive ability, and we hope much good may result both to children and dumb animals. We regret that we cannot be present.

2,000 PRIZES TO 1,000
SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY
SCHOOLS.

In behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," I hereby offer to the pupil in each of *one thousand American Schools and Sunday Schools*, who shall, during six months, *beginning the first day of July, 1889, by kind acts and words*, have done the most to make human beings and dumb animals happier, a beautifully bound

volume of "*Our Dumb Animals*," full of humane pictures and interesting poems and stories, and a heavily gold-plated or pure silver badge-pin of the "*American Band of Mercy*," (whichever is preferred,) suitable to be worn on all occasions. Both will be sent free of cost.

To which pupil in each school these prizes shall be awarded is to be determined by vote of the school, *approved and certified by the teacher.*

Each teacher, who wishes his or her pupils to compete for these prizes, will please send me his or her name and post office address, *plainly written*, and will, up to January, 1890, receive "*Our Dumb Animals*" without charge.

All who also form "*Bands of Mercy*" will be entitled as appears on page 41.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

I shall make the above offer to the successful pupil in each of *ten thousand*, instead of *one thousand* Schools and Sunday Schools, when funds will warrant it, and have other plans for a general humane education of the children of America, which I intend to put in practical operation as fast as I get the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

COLLEGE AND EDITORS' PRIZE
ESSAYS.

In June "*Our Dumb Animals*," we published the essay of *Ralph W. Trine*, of Knox College, Illinois, which by the award of the Committee, of which *Mr. Edward H. Clement*, Editor in Chief of the *Boston Evening Transcript* was chairman, won the prize of \$100 offered by us for the best essay on "*the Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*."

Several of the competing essays were so good that we purchased them.

In July number we gave extracts from the essay of *Theodore Arnold*, of Beloit College, Wisconsin.

In August number we gave extracts from the essay of *Herbert Whitney* of the Harvard University Divinity School.

In this number we give extracts from the essay of *Miss Gennie Hickok*, of Wellesley College, Mass.

Another of the essays is to be read at the annual meeting of "*The American Social Science Association*" at Saratoga Springs this month, and will very likely be published and widely circulated by that association.

The Editors' prize essays are likely to be so numerous that it may be several months before it can be determined which takes the \$300 prize; they must all be received at our offices on or before October 1st.

WHAT GOOD DO YOU EXPECT FROM
YOUR PRIZE ESSAYS, MR. ANGELL?

Answer. I expect good beyond all power of human calculation.

When we offer, through their college presidents a prize of \$100 to all *American college students* for the best essay on "*the Effect of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime*," and print and send out

seventy thousand copies of condensed humane information to be read by those students, also bound volumes to be preserved in all their college libraries, we are attracting the attention not only of our present college teachers and their pupils, but of *the future educated men of the country—editors, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, writers*,—those who are to write the songs and stories of the future, and make and administer our laws.

The best of these essays are being now widely published and commented upon by newspapers and magazines in various parts of the country, and we think that even the poorest will not be lost.

When we offer a prize of \$300 to the many thousands of *American editors* for a similar essay, and supply them also with condensed humane information, we are calling the attention of the American press to the subject and shall obtain not only a wide circulation of the prize essay, and those that come near to winning it, but also a *thousand editorials*. It is safe to say that no essay written by any editor will be thrown away. They will come before the public in some form—as editorials or otherwise.

When we offer a similar prize to the members of "*The American Institute of Instruction*," we are calling the attention of teachers to the subject and obtaining prize essays, which the educational papers of the country will be glad to publish.

When we shall offer as we intend to—prizes to *all the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country*, and send to them all condensed humane information, we shall be laying the foundation for thousands of sermons and countless articles in the various denominational papers.

When the generous, noble hearted men and women of America begin to appreciate the magnitude and importance of this work of humane education of "*the great masses of American children*," and particularly of those *whom churches and Sunday schools do not reach—how it bears not only on the prevention of crime, but also on the future welfare, peace and prosperity of the country, and the protection and safety of property and life, we anticipate large gifts and legacies to our American Humane Education Society which will give it power to undertake still greater things for what is engraved upon our seal: "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living Creature."*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

Through the kind donation of a friend, we have been enabled to recently send over two thousand of Doctor Albert Leffingwell's excellent pamphlet on vivisection to as many Massachusetts physicians.

We respectfully commend it to their careful consideration.

We print *thirty-six thousand* copies of this paper, and send them, among others, to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in the United States and Territories and British America.

\$100,000.

In August "Our Dumb Animals" we mentioned that the New York Society P. C. Animals received last year over a hundred thousand dollars, and expressed the wish that a similar sum might be received by our "Massachusetts Society P. C. A." and our "American Humane Education Society." On August 6th we were glad to receive the following letters:

CLERK'S OFFICE, SUPERIOR COURT,
No 3 COURT HOUSE,
BOSTON, August 3, 1889.

DEAR MR. ANGELL,
The trustees of the N. Meriam estate have, in accordance with the provisions of the will, divided up the estate among the twelve charitable institutions mentioned in the will. One of these institutions is that which you so ably represent, and the amount which your Society will receive is a little over \$11,000. I congratulate you and your Society on this addition to the funds to carry on your noble work.
Mr. Geo. R. Rogers, the other trustee, 58 State Street, is ready for the payment of the money to your treasurer.

Yours truly,
EDWIN A. WADLEIGH, Trustee.

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.,
44 STATE ST., BOSTON, Aug. 3, 1889.
TO THE PRESIDENT S. P. C. T. A.,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR SIR:
I have just received to-day from Mr. George R. Rogers, check for \$11,273.15, being bequest of the late Nathaniel Meriam, of Boston, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Yours truly,
CHAS. FAIRCHILD, Treasurer.

Now what shall be done with this money?—We answer, increase the work.

The American Board of Missions (Congregational) raise about half-a-million of dollars a year, and spend it, and then they get another half-million for similar work.

The great missionary societies of other religious denominations are doing the same.

If, instead of spending this money, they invested it in Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, or other bonds, the income only to be used for converting the heathen, the chances are that they would very soon become very useless, if not defunct institutions.

It is our belief that the best investment of money for a charitable society, after a moderate reasonable fund has been obtained to guard against contingencies, is in its immediate economical expenditure in judicious, earnest work. No other investment is half so safe, or will bring back one-tenth as much for good work in the future.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Probably no paper in this country—if in the world—has a greater variety of readers than "Our Dumb Animals"—old and young—rich and poor—white and black—Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jew—men and women of all religious beliefs, and men of all political parties.

We spend thousands of dollars more on its circulation every year than we receive from its subscription.

Its object is to do good. Its editor works for love—not money. We strive to make it interesting not alone to humane people, but to the great masses who have never cared much for humane pictures or humane talk.

We seek to have in every number some things to interest the judge, the clergyman, the teacher, the legislator, and some things that will make the street hoodlum who sees it once, want to see it again.

If kind Providence shall ever give us the means we shall be glad to send it, not only into every American school, but also into every American home.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society has been incorporated by Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation. It has already in its permanent fund real estate given by its President, valued at over three thousand dollars, and for present and future use money given by various persons to the amount of over six thousand dollars more. Its object is to carry humane education for the prevention of every form of cruelty, and the protection of property and life, into all our American schools and homes. Its treasurer is the Hon. Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its directors are among our most respected citizens. All persons wishing information as to what it has already done, and is proposing to do will receive prompt answers by writing.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT. George T. Angell.

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CORNWALL ON THE HUDSON,
August 5, 1889.

MR. ANGELL:

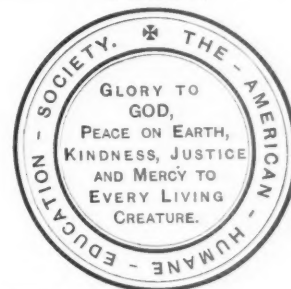
DEAR SIR,—It gives me pleasure to enclose the accompanying draft for one hundred and sixty-three dollars which a lady, who has become greatly interested in your work, desires me to send to you.

She bids me convey to you her most grateful thanks for your untiring zeal in protecting those who need protection, and in educating the children of America to love mercy and to hate cruelty; and she expresses the wish that this sum should, if convenient to you, be used towards the support of a missionary in the Territories or in the Tropics, having, during her travels in those countries, witnessed with deepest pity how great the sufferings which the dumb animals are compelled to endure—sufferings which she could in no wise mitigate, there being no humane societies to which to appeal for assistance.

With sincere wishes for your continued success, I remain,

Respectfully,

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
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\$6,088

LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL.

We are glad to learn that *The Louisville Courier Journal*, one of the most influential papers of the South, is to follow the example of *The New Orleans Picayune*, in giving one or more columns weekly (prepared by Miss Mary F. Rogers), to our humane work.

Among the sharp editorials which formerly appeared in *The Louisville Courier Journal*, from the pen of its gifted editor, Geo. D. Prentice, was this:—

The richest man we ever knew was named Poor—and the poorest man we ever knew was named Rich—and the governor of Virginia is named Wise.

FLORIDA.

As our readers know we have been for several months sending "*Our Dumb Animals*" to the Florida Legislature, and others in Jacksonville and elsewhere.

The secretary of the new society at Jacksonville sends us a list of convictions recently obtained, and the following, cut from the Jacksonville *Metropolis*:—

AFTER THOSE WHO MISTREAT ANIMALS.

By reference to our advertising columns a notice will be found signed by J. Everts Merrill, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, offering a reward of \$2 to any officer authorized to make arrests without a warrant for cruelty to any one to animals, and the prosecution of the case to a conviction. In addition to above a reward of \$2 is also offered to any one making affidavit of violation of the law relative to cruelty to animals and conviction of person or persons. *This looks like business in the right direction.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Our good friend, Frances E. Willard, sends us a letter received by her from a lady in New Mexico, describing the terrible cruelties inflicted upon dumb animals there, and calling upon the "*National Woman's Christian Temperance Union*," to form *Bands of Mercy*.

The tone of this very ably written and interesting letter may be found in the following extract:—"Now you direct attention to the man who goes into the saloon to waste his money and his manhood. Will you not, I plead, ask some co-worker to think of the horse that is tied to the saloon door for hours without food, to await his drunken master, and then to receive kicks and curses, and be spurred until the blood drops. Mr. Angell has kindly sent me many publications which I have read and studied with an intense interest to place the same in every preacher's and teachers' hand in every school and Sunday school, and above all into the hands of the cow-boys."

[If kind Providence will give us \$100,000 this year, as it did the New York Society last year, we will see that the above and similar desires are gratified.—EDITOR.]

TWO TEAMSTERS.

Two teamsters came into collision in the street with their vehicles the other day.

First Teamster—*My dear Sir, I'm very sorry for this accident. Will you kindly excuse me?*

Second Teamster—*Pray do not mention it, my dear sir. The fault was as much mine as yours.*

After getting their carts clear of each other they bowed politely, and with a pleasant "good day" proceeded about their business.—*Ex.*

A SONG OF THANKFULNESS.

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound;

So many gentle thoughts and deeds

Circling us around,

That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

Listen to both sides of a question before you decide.

[For Our Dumb Animals].

WASHINGTON ON SUNDAY.

SOMETHING NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

In 1827-9, General Craig, the last surviving general of the revolutionary army, lived at the same hotel in Allentown in which I lived while engaged as a civil engineer in the construction of the Lehigh canal. I frequently visited the general to hear him relate revolutionary anecdotes. Among these he related the following:

"When we were at Morristown, our headquarters were in a house where the parlor was entered immediately from the street. General Washington frequently stepped in when passing, to have familiar conversation. On one occasion we sat down to cards on Saturday night, and kept the windows closed and the lights burning, and continued to play until church time Sunday morning.

Washington on his way to church stepped in as usual. He advanced two or three steps, and saw what we were doing, and without a word turned about, and left the room and went to church.

It broke up our game of cards."

Here we have the Commander-in-Chief, entering the room in which his generals were assembled and refusing to recognize either of them. The consequence might have been very serious, but it produced an impression which it is safe to say was never forgotten by any general present.

B. AYCRIGG, Ph. D.,
of Passaic, New Jersey.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Let me tell you a pretty story. Among the visitors in New York, during the centennial celebration from the South, was a gentleman on the staff of the Governor of Virginia. He had written to a friend to engage a horse for him to ride during his stay in New York. A white horse, proud-stepping and slender-limbed, was selected, and on the morning appointed was led in company with a coal-black steed to the spot where the Virginia gentleman and a friend were ready to mount, when, lo! the black horse pawed the ground, shook his head, showed great uneasiness, and altogether behaved so remarkably that he attracted great attention.

"As sure as I live," said the rider of the white steed to his companion, "you are mounted on *Black Diamond*, my own old horse!"

"Nonsense!" said the other equestrian. "You wouldn't know *Black Diamond* now, and he wouldn't know you."

By this time a little throng of spectators had gathered, interested in the scene. *Black Diamond's* saddle was taken off, and under it was discovered an old scar, and a little tuft of white hair, which proved his identity beyond a doubt. *When his old master mounted him the horse fairly quivered with delight, and gave a cry of gladness.* All through the centennial week there were two happy beings together, a man and a horse, and a horse sometimes shows intelligence so nearly human that one cannot but be glad when a great pleasure falls into the life of this faithful friend of man.

HON. A. G. LEBROKE OF MAINE.

To this gentleman, recently deceased, Maine is largely indebted for the law, similar to ours in Massachusetts, against shooting live pigeons from traps for sport.

When the bill was introduced some members were disposed to make fun of it. Mr. Lebroke arose (says the *Waterville (Me.) Sentinel*) and very impressively said: "There are many things that I have done which I regret; I have many imperfections, but it is a source of much comfort to me to know that my heart never harbored a cruel wish nor found pleasure in any act that caused pain to any living thing, and I do not envy the man who can find anything to sneer at in this measure to protect harmless birds from needless slaughter and wounding." Mr. Lebroke will be long remembered for his gentle and humane disposition.

MUTILATING HORSES.

The legislature of Massachusetts has enacted a law against the practice of docking the tails of horses.

That is a law in the interest of humanity and common sense.

The mutilation of a horse by chopping off his tail is no less a mutilation in reality than the cutting off of his ears, or taking out one of his eyes. In either case it is not only an atrocious act of cruelty to the horse, inflicting needless pain, but produces disfigurement.

It is not only in bad taste, it is essentially barbarous. It belongs properly with the customs of tribes that flatten their heads, bore holes through their lips or noses, for the purpose of wearing a billet of wood suspended from such localities by a cord, and otherwise disfigure the features made by nature. * * *

A cow with her tail cut off is not a worse mutilated animal than a "docked" horse.

There was formerly a refinement of atrocity added to the "docking," in the shape of "pricking"—to use a horse jockey phrase of fifty years ago—which consisted in deeply stabbing the tail on either side close to the body, producing great pain and much bleeding, and then compelling the poor animal to have the injured member drawn up night and day, for some time, to "help make it sore," so that in healing it would acquire such a tendency that it would not readily assume its natural position again.

Docking is a disgrace to any person who lays claim to the possession of humane feelings.

By and by men will be ashamed that they ever resorted to it.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

VERMONT.

We are glad to receive from Mr. Robert R. Styles, of Burlington,—Vice President—the charter, by-laws, &c. of the Vermont Society P. C. Animals, recently formed with headquarters at Burlington. Horace J. Brooks, President, H. P. Whitcomb, Secretary, Leverett F. Englesby, Treas.

JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

As illustrating his claim that the Japanese are a more civilized people than the Americans, a gentleman at a recent Boston dinner table cited Professor Morse's statement that if, in a Japanese city, one picks up a stone to throw at a dog the dog does not run, because he has never had a stone thrown at him, and does not know what the action means. Manifestly, if such a state of universal gentleness and kindness prevails in Japan that not even a stone is thrown at a dog by a boy, there must be a very high and thorough civilization, permeating all classes of the population. This argument may not be accepted as complete by the sociologists, who would doubtless maintain that it requires something else than gentleness and humanity to make civilization. But certainly the fact is to be taken as an excellent item of evidence in making out a case of high civilization for the Japanese. And it is a significant fact that it was reserved for our own European-American civilization to introduce the completest refinement of cruelty to animals.—*LISTENER, in Boston Transcript.*

"Papa, what is a doubtful State?" asked little Freddy, who had been looking over the political news. "Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered Brown, with a humorous twinkle in his eye as he looked at his better half. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?" "No, I don't think it's a State at all," she answered. "To me it always seemed like a Terrortory." Brown was silent.—*Free Press.*



TRAVELLING ON THE PLAINS.

Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

BELONGS TO A VERY OLD FAMILY.

As a saddle animal simply, the bronco has no superior. The "lope" is a term which should never be applied to that motion in any other breed of horses. I have watched a herd of cow ponies being driven over the prairie, where the undulations of the backs in the moving throng were as regular and easy as the rise and fall of the watery waves. The fox trot, which is the habitual gait of all plainsmen, cowboys and Indians, is easily cultivated in him, and his light, supple frame accommodates itself naturally to the motion.

This particular American horse lays claim to another quality, which in my estimation is not least, and that is his wonderful picturesqueness. He graces the western landscape, not because he reminds us of the equine ideal, but because he comes of the soil, and has borne the heat and burden and the vicissitudes of all that pale of romance which will cling about the western frontier. As we see him hitched to the plow or the wagon he seems a living protest against utilitarianism. *He has borne the Moor, the Spanish conqueror, the red Indian, the mountain man and the vacquero through all the glories of their careers; but they will soon be gone, with all their heritage of gallant deeds. The pony must meekly enter the new regime. He must wear the collar of the new civilization and earn his oats by the sweat of his flank. There are no more worlds for him to conquer; now he must till the ground.*—FREDERICK REMINGTON, in *Century*.

Nothing is so contagious as example: we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Wickedness may prosper for a while; but, in the long run, he who sets knaves at work will pay them.

A LEGEND.

I read a legend of a monk who painted
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ Face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but
render
Honor to Christ as other painters do,—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His Cross I view!"

"But no: 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns, still less can he admire;
My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes within his cell—O wonder!
There stood a Visitor; thorn crowned was He,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder:
"I scorn no work that's done for love of Me."

And round the walls the paintings shone re-
splendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty, and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in the strange old story:
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or
need;

The pure intent gives to the act its glory,
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

DUMMY ENGINE.

An English court has rendered a decision which would not be a bad precedent here. It seems that the engineer of a dummy engine, which ran by the side of a public highway, caused the steam to be blown off suddenly, thereby frightening a horse and causing a runaway and smash-up. The owner of the horse sued the railroad company and recovered full damages. The judge held that the right to run the engine along the highway *did not carry with it the right to cause runaways by means which could be prevented.*

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN IOWA.

This spring a lot of sparrows built nests in some holes left in the brick work by workmen when they put in the iron veranda of the brick block opposite our office. Later the house-martins whipped out the sparrows and have reared several broods of young. They are very noisy fellows and their music disturbed the business men of the block so they had a man put up a ladder and with some brick chips and mortar close up the holes. All day long the birds were wild with excitement and madly flew screaming about their closed nests. *An observing friend of birds noticed that they flew up to the unclosed cracks with worms and insects and that little bills were thrust out to receive the food, and at times chirps came from the prisoners within.* Soon there was "a rumor abroad in Rome" that the young birds would starve walled in there. *There were among the women in the News block some readers of the paper published in Boston for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and as soon as they heard of the danger that threatened the young birds, they were up in arms to their rescue. They got a ladder and sent a man to open the holes to give the young birds air. Later they got permission from the owner of the building to have brick and mortar removed and secure free access to the nests. It was a complete victory for the songsters.*—McGregor (Iowa) News.

NOT THE REPLY EXPECTED.

A teacher was giving a natural history lesson. "Children," she said, "you all have seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes mum."

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yes mum."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Quite right," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly; "now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Kittens!" exclaimed the boy in the back row.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

BRUCE AND I.

BY PERCY S. TAYLOR, Editor of *The Western Journal*.

"And hopes that in yon equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Bruce and I were vagabonds both. He was always getting into trouble by reason of his wandering tendencies. So was I. Bruce came to me in disgrace. He was a fine, black, smooth-haired retriever, and his crime was that he would not retrieve. Perhaps he was like myself, he didn't care to have anything to do with that form of pleasure which is connected with suffering and death. I fancy some one must have peppered him with disgust at his unexpected non-sporting qualities, for he never heard a gun fired without cutting home as fast as he could. I have a stupid habit of lingering by wayside, stone-heaps, and poking among the stones, if happily I may find some flint implement or fossils. A sand-pit or stone-quarry has a similar attraction for me that a saloon has for other men. I cannot pass one. Bruce soon found out all these weaknesses. On a country ramble, if he were ahead, he never passed a stone-heap or a sand-pit, he stood there till I came up, and said as plainly as an intelligent dog could, "Master, are you going in here this morning?" I have seen that look hundreds of times, and said to him, "Not this morning, Bruce;" whereupon he wagged his huge tail at the compliment that he was understood, and proceeded on his own canine investigations. I used to say to my friends, "Bruce knows as much about geology as most men," upon which some of the easily-surprised, said: "Indeed!" and the others, who were conscious that they knew no more of geology than my dog did, laughed at my weak joke.

We had been friends and companions for three years. We so thoroughly understood each other, that we rarely quarreled—for quarrels are always the result of misunderstanding. I am not quite a believer in the Oriental doctrine of metempsychosis, but there is something in it. "All creatures meet in man," said good George Herbert. You find one man "foxy" in cunning, another "weasely" in suspicion, a third "hoggish" in feeding, or "fishy" in drinking (or both.) The best thing you can say of a man is that he is as "faithful as a dog." So you see the dog bears the palm from the man!

My dog had nothing human about him, and was, therefore, an ideal dog. He was a prince among dogs. He never stooped to anything mean or low, or cowardly. He was unpunctual sometimes in his returns from calling on his friends; but nobody would have known it if his own conscience had not forced him to assume that depressed appearance we call "hang dog." Nor did he come up to Professor Huxley's definition of a dog as an "arrant cad"—one which only barked at people who were ragged, and reserved his attentions for the well-clad. Bruce did prefer well-dressed and good-mannered people—who does not? That was all. As he used to lie on the sidewalk outside my house, with his fore-legs stretched out, and his magnificent black square head between his paws, there were few who did not stop to pat him, and say, "Bruce, good Bruce!" and Bruce responded by a gentle switch of his great feathery tail, which sent the flies spinning. The babies tottered up to him, and pulled his long silken ears, and gave him biscuits. Even the cats passed him by without setting up their backs, for they had found out that Bruce was harmless.

Bruce was my literary friend. He has lain hours and days at my feet, whilst I have been writing. He has listened with one twitching ear, whilst I have read aloud to myself some sentence I had written, which I thought unusually good—and afterwards dropped it, wondering what it was all about, and what good in the world it was to a dog! How well he knew me! I had my moments of depression, of anxiety, of low-spiritedness—often brought on by over-work and over-worry. Bruce knew! Often has he silently thrust his great cold, black nose into my hands at such times. I knew what he meant—"Cheer up, master."

The last time Bruce appeared in public (for he frequently made his way surreptitiously into public meetings and other places where I was present as a representative of the press), was at a Press Club entertainment in London, England. I was called upon to propose a vote of thanks to some of our amateur friends. The people called out "platform," and on to the platform I went. There was a large audience, and they cheered me. Then just as I was speaking, there was another cheer, it was for Bruce, who had followed me, and now stood confronting the audience I was addressing, greeting their cheers with a few short, but vigorous barks. The more they cheered, the more he barked at them—until, at a word from me, he coiled himself up, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. After that exploit he was elected a bona-fide member of the London Press Club. He was as intimate with the mysteries of Red Lion Court and the Cheshire Cheese as the oldest member who frequented those haunts. But he did not live long, poor fellow, to enjoy his privileges. One morning I found him lying on the little plot of grass in front of the house—dead. Evidently he had been poisoned, and I don't envy the brute who killed him. I felt that another friend had joined those on the silent shore! But I am thankful that I ever had the friendship of Bruce. I am a better man for it; God sent the dog into the world for a purpose.

THE TRAMP.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, THE PAINTER.

Sebastian Gomez was a mulatto boy, employed in the studio of Murillo, the great Spanish painter. He and his father were both slaves. He slept in the studio nights, and after all others were gone, painted. A wonderful picture of the Virgin was found there one morning, at sight of which Murillo was lost in admiration, but no one could tell by whom it was done. No one suspected the slave mulatto boy. One night Sebastian became so entranced with his painting, that he continued until morning, when Murillo entered the studio and found him at work. Murillo, entranced with the picture, promised the slave boy whatever he would ask. The slave boy asked the freedom of his father.

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of joy, and raising his eyes to his master said:

"The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart. From this day consider yourself not only my pupil, but as my son. I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.

"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you were whipped at school last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied the young hopeful, "I knew it."

DECEIVING THE ENEMY.

In the spring of 1888 a pair of red foxes took up their home on a Dakota farm. They dug several holes on a knoll in a wheat-field, and soon after four "kits" or young foxes arrived. Every day, while harrowing and sowing wheat in the field, says the farmer, I saw the two old foxes lying on the little mound in front of their home. The kits rolled about in the sun, played with the bushy tails of their parents and enjoyed themselves apparently as much as a group of kittens.

One morning a neighbor came to work in a field adjoining, bringing with him a dog, and the dog, with all the curiosity of his kind, soon began the investigation of both farms.

He was still a long distance from the fox-den when I heard a sharp, warning bark and saw the kits disappear. As I looked the mother-fox lay on the mound, her ears erect, her nose on the ground, all attention. The father of the family, with his tail swinging in the wind trotted toward the dog.

Can he intend to attack him, I wondered. I had never heard of such a thing, and the dog, though not a large one, was still larger than the fox. But reynard knew his business better than I. He approached the intruder until the dog saw him, when both stopped for an instant, and then the dog gave chase. The fox, with a bark of defiance, turned and ran in a direction away from his home.

At first the dog seemed to gain rapidly upon the fox, but I watched them for nearly a mile before they disappeared in the long prairie-grass and concluded that the fox was able to keep out of the other's way.

In about an hour the dog returned from a fruitless chase, and for a time he contentedly followed his master. Then he began prowling around again.

All this time the mother-fox had remained on the mound, a picture of quiet vigilance; but now, as the dog again ventured near, she rose and trotted toward him, and the dog was soon chasing her over the prairie. Hardly had they disappeared when the mate trotted back from some hiding-place and took the position vacated by his mate. The dog returned after a time unsuccessful as before.

During the day he was again and again tempted to a chase, first by the male and then by the female, and while the one kept him busy, the other watched over the young, who did not show themselves after the first sight of the dog.

It is hard to say which we admire most: the bravery of the pair in challenging the dog to a race that would have proved fatal had he caught them, their ingenuity in taking turns so that each might be fresh when chased, their skill in leading him away from their young, or their cleverness in throwing him off their track when far enough away.

NEVER TAKE A LADY'S ARM.

"The question is often put to me," said a lady, whose opinion in matters of etiquette is wholly competent, "whether it is ever permissible to take a lady's arm in acting as an escort on a promenade." Unhesitatingly and peremptorily, no. Not after nightfall, nor by daylight, nor at any other time. An invalid may lean upon a young woman's arm; a grandfather, if he is infirm, may avail himself of a similar support, and a Broadway policeman seems to have acquired the right to propel his charge in petticoats across the thoroughfare by a grasp upon the arm, but these are the only persons so privileged. For an acquaintance, a friend, or one who aspires to a still nearer place, to take the arm of a young woman when walking with her on a public highway is inexcusable. You may be sure that nothing will so quickly offend. To see a young woman pushed along, a little in front of her escort, by his clutch upon her arm, reverses all preconceived ideas of gallantry. Offer her your arm, young man, every time, and do not commit the offense of taking hers.—*New York Sun*.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.

A fast young man decided to make a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth. He cautiously prefaced his declarations with a few questions. *Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she a good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make home happy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Could she make her own clothes?* etc. The young lady said that before she answered his questions, she would tell him of some negative virtues she possessed. *She never drank, smoked or chewed; never owed a bill to laundress or tailor; never staid out all night playing billiards; never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in" with the boys for cigars and wine suppers.* "Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured that you do all these things, and yet you expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the doorstep a wiser man.—*Health Journal.*

GOOD PLUCK.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Blue Jay visited a colony of English sparrows encamped in the rear of the *Mail and Times* office. He came with a swoop—with feathers ruffled and a regular rebel yell. He came with a view to foraging on the English preserves—and when the plucky sparrows observed his approach, they sent a single fellow—a David for his Goliath, a Roland for his Oliver—out to meet him. They met in mid air, and the fight—but there was no fight—only ants and men actually fight. The jay turned tail and flew off over the buildings as swiftly and noisily as he came, with the little Englishman in hot pursuit, and, after the raider and his pursuer had gone out of sight, the whole garrison of the Queen's Own came from their holes onto the roof and held a spirited jollification meeting, and such a squeaking and jabbering and spluttering was never heard before. Soon the little fellow returned from the chase and perched himself in a conspicuous place upon a wire suspended above the jolly throng, and, amid the din and hubbub of the meeting he sat in state—the uncrowned monarch of all he surveyed. No blustering blue jay has ever ventured within that territory since that day—the raider must have warned his brethren of the danger there.—*Mail and Times, Des Moines, Iowa.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

It was the privilege of the editor of this paper to recently meet at the White Mountains a gentleman now nearly eight-five years old, who graduated at Columbia College, New York City, in 1824, sixty-five years ago—has been distinguished as a civil engineer, and now in full possession of all his mental faculties, is from the experiences of his long life a most interesting and valuable companion.

The other day he was telling us how even a small compass, attached to a watch chain, often magnetized and affected a watch, and the danger of carrying the two near each other; also, *how much better it is to use no soap in shaving—simply thoroughly wetting the beard with cold water, and keeping it wet while shaving—how it saves time—is much better for the skin, etc., etc., especially in winter.* Acting upon his advice we tried the experiment with complete success, and hereafter shall need in shaving only a razor and cold water. *These things are worth knowing.*

If you run a fish hook in any part of the body, do not try to pull it out but cut off the line, file or break off the flattened end and pass the hook on through the flesh as you would a needle in sewing.



MENDING THE NETS.

Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

MENDING THE NETS.

At break of day our sails we spread,
Our blithe heels cut the scented foam,
And when the west is painted red
We put the rudder hard for home.
Yoho! yoho! for the little bay,
With its strip of sand where the children play,
And bright eyes watch for the boats to come!

My work beneath my fingers grows.
O happy life beside the sea!
Yon shifting tide that ebbs and flows
Runs over golden sands for me.
For kindly voices fill the air,
And friendly faces are everywhere,
And the world is as bright as bright can be.
—Our Young Folks.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

As evidence of what the Louisiana Lottery Managers are making out of the gullible people, they offer to pay the Louisiana State debt in consideration of legalizing the company's work for fifty years more. In the face of all this, people will continue to invest in tickets where the chances to win are about equal to the probability of being struck by lightning.—*Ventura Democrat.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A GOOD STORY, BUT HARD ON NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

A New York astronomer sometime since visited North Adams, Mass., for a vacation and to study the stars. He slept day times and prospected nights. Some of the citizens became alarmed, thinking he might be a New York burglar. At length the Selectmen of the town determined to interview the stranger. The landlord of the hotel objected, saying that he seemed a perfect gentleman, but the Selectmen insisted, and at length he went to the gentleman's room, waked him up, and told him the Selectmen insisted on seeing him. "Show them up," said the gentleman. The Selectmen came up and the Chairman said they would like to know what he was about and why he had come to North Adams. "I have not the slightest objection to tell you," said the gentleman. "The fact is that I committed an offence in New York City and was sentenced by the Court to six months in Sing Sing State Prison, or two weeks in North Adams. I thought I would rather take North Adams, but having been here a week, have changed my mind and concluded to go back to New York tomorrow and tell them I will take six months in Sing Sing."

EXTRACTS FROM COLLEGE PRIZE
ESSAY OF GENNIE HICKOK, OF
WELLESLEY COLLEGE, MASSA-
CHUSETTS.

"THE EFFECT OF HUMANE EDUCA-
TION ON THE PREVENTION OF CRIME."

True humanity is the goal of civilization. It is that towards which all the strivings of the human race are directed. We are seeking to shake off brutality and savagery and to free ourselves from their hold. Our race stands today between two forces, humanity and savagery, the one perfecting man, the other dragging him downwards; the two are pitted against each other in complete antagonism. * * * The present system of treating crime fails in failing to touch human character, which is the spring of all action and so the source of crime. Men do not become moral by intuition, but by patient training. Actual fact plainly shows the failure of the punitive system. When England made use of transportation and capital punishment for lesser crimes, indictable offences were thirty-three per cent. more than later when these and the most cruel punishments were abolished. When she used exemplary punishment the number of hangings was doubled. * * * That which may be properly called a distinctive humane movement is of recent date, going back no further than our own century. Some of the evidences of this movement are the "International Red Cross Organization" to prevent war, which is nothing but systematized brutality, and to render necessary wars as humane as possible. The various societies in Europe and America for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children, Dr. Crosby's society for the prevention of crime, and Anthony Comstock's for the prevention of vice—all these are evidences of the working of a force which is only just waking, but which as it grows and strengthens is destined to act as the very essence of advancement and reform. * * * Humanizing agencies may assume varied forms and present numberless phases, of which no other is so important and so sure of producing good results as humane education, in the sense of heart education—kindness to all living creatures.

We have been thousands of years in coming to an understanding of what our relation should be to the lower orders of creation. Man has almost universally claimed the right to control the lower animals as mere pieces of property destitute of rights. This is destructive of the qualities of mercy, gentleness, and sympathy, and renders heart culture narrow and perverted. *The foundation of a society for the promotion of humane education marks an era in civilization.* It is an earnest of the good results which may be accomplished through the agency of such education, not only raising the criminal class to the ranks of the upright, but raising these and all humanity to better living, and to the exercise of more justice and mercy between man and man.

It is beyond question that the environment and training of childhood, the sentiments aroused, and the attachments formed, determine almost wholly the character and bent of the future man. Now nothing contributes so much to an unselfish, joyous, and healthful childhood as companionship with some of the beautiful and harmless lower creatures. Their buoyant, active, and joyful lives, their affection, fidelity, and patience, their innocence, grace, and health form for the child a constant object lesson. * * *

The bird, which of all animals, is freest from the earth power, pours forth to the Creator a pure rich melody, sweeter and more varied than human skill can produce. In describing its outward beauty, Ruskin says:—"Also upon the plumes of the birds are put the colors of the air, the gold and rubies of the cloud that cannot be gathered by any covetousness, the vermillion of the cloud-bar and the flame of the cloud-crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky, all these are seized by the Creating Spirit and

woven into films and threads of plume, with wave on wave following, and fading along breast and throat and opened wings; even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes." By its marvellous internal structure it fills its little body with air and rises to cleave heaven's blue, then floats at its lofty height with perfect grace and ease. It breathes through its whole frame and flesh, every quill and hollow bone filled with pure air. It is instinct with life, and such life as shames poor blackened and perverted human life. Think of the tender care for its young—of its care-free, pure, and animated existence, perfect in the sphere where God made it to be—think of all these and can we question that that existence was designed to be in some way for man? Men were not created to walk blindly through the world with eyes only for each other, and with never an understanding of these beautiful, silent lives about them. Once let that narrow domain be broken through and their existence projected upon his existence; then man will learn of a larger universe, a larger heart of nature and of God, than he could before comprehend; then he will learn lessons of fidelity, of happiness, and of order and industry; then his heart and his sympathies will be enlarged.

A few noble souls in every age have been responsive to these other creations, and have opened the channels of sympathy between man and the dumb creatures. The poet has sung of the bird, and has gained inspiration from its heavenward flight. Holy men, monks and saints have in many instances shown remarkable power over the dumb animals. The story of Saint Hugh of Lincoln, and his white swan, is only one among hundreds equally touching. The bird which came every day for fifteen years to bury her head in his bosom and eat from his hand would never approach any human being after the death of Saint Hugh. If these fine and intense natures have found in dumb animals so much to admire and to call forth affection, and if they have been able by love so to control them, we must believe that as all men grow finer in nature they will recognize more and more a bond of relationship to them. Reverse the proposition, and as this sympathy and interest in the lower animals is inculcated in man, so will he become finer and purer in nature. Just here is something definite to be done in removing the stain of crime from our people and from our country, something to awaken such sympathy and interest to inculcate lessons of mercy, to guide the affections and enlarge them to include within their domain the innocent and useful animals of the lower creations.

Hence it is that the establishment of a society for humane education is very significant and points to brighter and better things for the future. It is a step away in advance of the one from which it sprung, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. While that aims to mitigate evils by an appeal to law, this looks to prevention from the very source. It would build the foundation broad and deep, that the superstructure cannot be otherwise than strong. * * *

If our boasted public schools are to be the centres from which pure and noble citizenship is to be supplied, they should turn to this element so vitally necessary in a strong and trust-worthy character. *Where the home life is refining, all may be well, but if home life is brutalizing, outside agencies must be relied upon—the public school—the Sunday school—special efforts in the form of societies, bands of mercy, and the circulation of literature.* By such means humane education may gradually penetrate homes of darkness, parents may be reached through children, and good influence extended indefinitely. This process is sure; it has its foundation in the laws that govern man's advancement. * * *

If thousands of dollars may be expended to ex-hume antiquities from the debris of centuries, may not millions be appropriated for the reclaiming of humanity from the ruins of savagery? * * *

It seems then that heart education in its fullest significance, that education which prompts love

toward the fellow-man and toward the dumb animal, bears a relation to crime which is of paramount importance. Such education has in it the possibility of effective reclamation for the still brutal portion of humanity to moral soundness. * * *

A national organization has been formed with the sole purpose of promoting humane education in every way possible. Every song and book, every paper, story, and picture awakening interest in these subjects, every lesson of gentleness and mercy inculcated, may bring forth fruit a hundred fold. Let the sowing be earnest and willing, whose harvest shall at least bring the day when "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters covers the sea." "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion and the fatting together, and a little child shall lead them."

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy, Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant." Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant, too.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "Just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why, isn't it a disposition worth cultivating? *Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest or truthful, or industrious, or generous?* And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious, and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish, too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity.

But the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and such people will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at school for being good?" "No'm," said Tommy. "Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly laying down his paper. "Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

THE TOUCH OF A FLOWER.

One, two, three, four! Mr. S., the ship-builder, started from his seat at his office-table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm air. The noise of clinking iron and of workmen's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. *His, all his—the piles of steel and copper—the unfinished hulks of many vessels—yes,* even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen—a thousand or more—were his also, to work, to toil, to slave in winter's cold and summer's sun that his wealth might grow from great to greater year by year. What matter to him the noise and the heat? At the ship-yard gate his daughter waits in the carriage, and he would join her and roll away swiftly from the tumult and unsightliness to the coolness of the green parks.

Some one came in to ask a final order; in five minutes thus consumed Gertrude and the roses did their part.

"Thomas," said she to the coachman as he waited in the open barouche, fair and sweet to see in her summer toilet with the bunch of roses on her breast, "can the men down there stop hammering if they're awfully tired or warm?"

"La, no, Miss!" answered the coachman, with an amused smile. "Its work day in and day out steady, or no bread for 'em."

Just then a tired looking workman came very near to the shining wheels as he half staggered back to his place among the others. Gertrude leaned forward, and before Thomas could enter a vigorous objection, her clear young voice was saying:

"I am so sorry you are tired! Would you like my roses?"

The young girl unpinned the bunch on her breast and held them, sweet and fair, out to the bewildered man. He took them with a muttered blessing.

"Papa," she said, a minute later as they rolled away towards the boulevards, "I'm thinking."

Mr. S. smiled back at the earnest face raised towards his.

"When we go to Newport," she asked, a minute later, "what does Hays do with all the flowers?"

"I'm sure Gertrude I can't answer that; I suppose they bloom and die. He always has orders to keep up the house and grounds as well as if we were at home. Are you thinking of any of your pet-plants now?"

"No; I was thinking how many must be wasted in our garden. O, papa, could I—could I give them to the men? Not I, you know, for I won't be here, but somebody. That man was so glad to get the roses to carry home!"

Then the whole little story came out.

At first Mr. S. laughed and teased and called the whole thing impracticable, absurd, and told Gertrude to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen. But the days went on, so did Gertrude's pleading go on with them.

"Just let Hays cut the flowers he don't really need, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away."

"A pretty story for me to be giving my men bouquets!" said Mr. S.

Nevertheless, one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock-boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with distinct orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gertrude.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word, "gave out the flowers for Miss Gertrude," and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

People said those flowers worked wonders all that year. When the mutterings of strikes and uproar ran rife through the land, all was quietness and peace at the ship-yards. Perhaps



MARY AND ROVER.

there floated the sweet incense of those summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned the lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, great or humble, rich or poor, can be helped to higher and nobler living.

THE ORIOLE.

In and out 'mong the cherry leaves
Flashing—a dart of living flame—
He sings, and his glad song never grieves;
Its merry refrain is e'er the same:

"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer-up,
Cheer!"

In the dim gray light of early dawn
His carols awake the laggard sun;
When evening shadows stretch o'er the lawn
His vesper warblings can scarce be done;

"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer-up,
Cheer!"

"There's a pendant nest in the cherry-tree,
A grave little mate and birdlings four;
How can you leave them to sing?" and he
A-tilting and swaying but sings the more:

"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer-up,
Cheer!"

"There's plenty of time in this world to sing—
His black head bobs as much as to say—
And then how the ling'ring echoes ring
As he flutters his wings and flies away:

"Cheer, cheer, cheer,
Cheer-up,
Cheer!"

— Good Housekeeping.

MARY AND ROVER.

"It's a very hot day, and I'm tired, you see,
So, Rover, we'll both sit down under this tree:
And if you could speak, I am sure you would
say,
'All right, my dear mistress, beside you I'll
stay.'"

Now, Mary and Rover are very good friends:
They are seldom apart, and he quite comprehends—

At least so says Mary—whatever is said,
As she sits there and talks, with her hand on
his head.

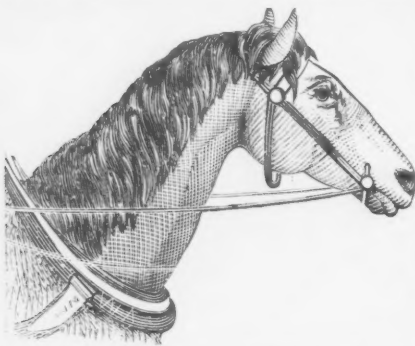
And Rover looks up with a bright, eager eye;
But a little quick bark is the only reply
He can make to his mistress, who chatters
away
Of all she has done on this mild, summer day.

"I've got up quite early, and while it was cool
Picked currants for mother, then went off to
school,
Where I said all my lessons without missing
one,
And my needlework, also, was very well done.

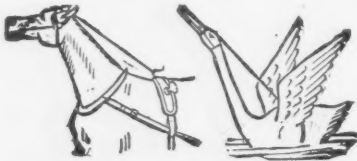
"And now I've a secret to tell, Rover dear:
'Tis my birth-day to-day—little dog, do you
hear?
You bark,—that means yes,—and you must
make one
Of my party, good Rover, and join in our fun.

"Oh, don't lick my cheek! There! If you
could talk,
You would say it was time for resuming your
walk;
And I'll go very soon; for I'm tired, you see,
And it's pleasant and shady here, under this
tree."

—EMILY CARTER.



Happy Horse — No Blinders or Check-Reins.



The overhead check-rein for the horse is refined and steady torture, not for the strain backward of the neck, but because the animal cannot see the ground on which he is stepping. The swaying of his head from side to side is evidence of his trying to find relief.—*Boston Transcript*.

An intelligent and interesting writer on the dog question, in the *Boston Herald*, well says: "The man who allows his dog to run into the street and bark at every passer-by ought to be severely punished, for none, no matter how much they love dogs, care to be greeted in that way."

A DOG WORTH HAVING.

Augusta furnishes a genuine instance where a dog saves a child from drowning, says the *Journal* of that place. Bob Aiken, while going home with ice, dropped the ice in mud, and attempted to cleanse it by washing it in the canal. He fell in, when the faithful dog, that had already swam to the other side, seeing his master struggling for life, sprang back into the water with a meaning whine and in a moment or two was by his side. The faithful beast seemed almost endowed with understanding, so those say who saw the affair from a distance. He caught the boy's coat collar firmly in his teeth and swam straight to the bank.—*Boston Herald*.

Cases Reported at Office in July.

For beating, 22; over-working and over-loading, 9; over-driving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 53; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 23; abandoning, 3; torturing, 13; driving when diseased, 7; cruelly transporting, 2; general cruelty, 48.

Total, 182.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 55; warnings issued, 70; not found, 8; not substantiated, 37; anonymous, 4; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 6; pending, 2.

Animals taken from work, 27; horses and other animals killed, 92.

Receipts by the Society in July.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Stockbridge, \$3; Greenfield, \$15.

Police Courts.—Springfield, (4 cases) \$25, Brookline (paid at jail), \$50, Somerville, \$25, Holyoke, \$20, Lawrence \$20.

District Courts.—Athol, \$10, Worcester, \$5, Attleboro, \$30.

Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10, Charlestown District, \$10, Roxbury Dist., \$10, Brighton Dist., (5 cases,) \$13.50. Witness Fees.—\$9.50; Total, \$236.00.

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A Friend \$50; James W. Converse, \$10; Mrs. O. B. Ireland, \$10.

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Total, \$335.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Band of Mercy. Sydney, New South Wales,
Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.
Friend of Animals and Men. Berlin, Prussia.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal. Cologne, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Dresden, Germany. Ninth Yearly Report of the International Society P. A., for 1888.
Hamburg, Germany. Forty-seventh Yearly Report of the S. P. A., for 1888.
The Hague. Report of the Netherlands S. P. A., 1887-'88.

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